

16 Nov - 1799
112

SELECTIONS

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FROM THE

LETTERS, &c.

OF THE LATE

MISS CARTER,

*Anna
Mason*

OF

LITTLE WITTENHAM,

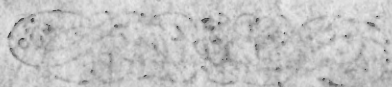
BERKS.

By WILLIAM PALMER, A. B.
BALLIOL COLLEGE, OXFORD.

To which are added,
Some COMPOSITIONS in consequence of her
DEATH.



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1753

A P O L O G Y

FOR THE FOLLOWING PAGES.

THIS little selection has been made for two reasons ; the one is, to pay some lasting, tho' small, tribute to the memory of her, whose bosom was once inspired by its sentiments : the other is, that the remembrance of her may be more strongly impressed on the minds of those who loved her while living, and who, with me, lament her now removed.

The former inducement is more fully enforced, from the consideration, that conversation but rarely affords an opportunity of delineating the more serious and elevated sentiments of the soul, which with her, were more suppressed by her modesty and diffidence. It is, however, but just to notice, that the following sentiments were the momentary effusions of an humane and fine imagination, and were consigned to the page without study or correction.

Many, perhaps most, of my friends will censure this step; but as I am convinced that the preceding

ceding consideration will remove every discredit towards her, I have resolved on this testimony of esteem for her worth ; and as I have no ambitious views to restrain me, I have added the feelings which her death caused : I hope, therefore, that every allowance will be given, when it is remembered that they were witnessed when my mind was suffering the sharpest conflict to which human nature could be exposed.

As her disposition was so seriously gay, and characterised by so great a share of delicate and refined humour, it may be asked why no

vestiges of that kind remain; but let it be observed, that serious morality and religion, are the most decent ornaments to decorate the tomb of youth and innocence.

Select Sentences, &c.

The following Extract alludes to the Village of Little Wittenham, and was written in the Spring.

— **A**S for this lovely place, it increafes, daily and hourly, towards perfect beauty: at times I am almost induced to believe, that Nature has beftowed on it~ charms peculiar to it-
self, fo delightfully does ſhe cloathe it with all her ſweets. The Isis is calm and majeſtic.

The

The landscape is enchanting, and the wood begins to be tinged with the soft verdure of spring; I wandered in it last evening a considerable time, peaceful and alone.

Prior surely must have thought, that what the world called happiness was a mere delusion, when he contemplated the story of Henry and Emma under his favorite wild cherry tree; it is now as beautifully in bloom as it could possibly have been at that time, but it is insensible that the bard who consecrated it to Fame, has been a long while laid low in the dust. This I feel makes me serious, and I must
ask

ask you why you was so sad at leaving me the other day—that separation was but for a short time, remember that we must one day part, never to meet again, at least as mortals! but what am I about? I fear my remedy will be worse than the disease.

YOUR letter to my dear Eliza is forwarded with all possible expedition; and I doubt not it is answered 'ere this. You ask me if I approve of your proceedings, or if I feel a little jealous; believe me you are welcome to write whatever you please to any one; I feel no anxiety; secure in your affections,

affections, I can know no distress from any thing you will do: Jealousy, that most suspicious and deceitful of friends, I never harbour in my breast, for I consider it the bane of every social and confidential sentiment, because it reflects dishonour on its possessor, degrades the mind to meanness, and throws a suspicious gloom over every enjoyment of life; indeed it renders our whole existence a series of misery.

— You tell me that you have met with some curious girls, and you ask me which I think preferable, the Coquette or the Prude; they are

to

to me like fullen and violent madness; they are equally disgusting, for while the Prude observes a fly and demure reserve, by no means correspondent with the refined sociability of our nature, or the nice line of female modesty and politeness, the Coquette renders herself disgusting to the modest of our sex, and becomes the ridicule of your's; so far will pertness and vanity hurry her away. For my own part, whilst I seek (what I fancy) a proper share of that modesty, which the former affects beyond all reason, I hope I shall cultivate a sufficient share of that vivacity, which the latter exaggerates

gerates into ill-becoming impertinence.

THERE are but two flowers which are particular favourites with me—the lilly of the valley and the moss rose; the elegance of the one is as striking as the beauty of the other: you will smile at the allusion which now comes across my brain. I think the lilly personifies the tenderness of spring—the rose, (the beauties) of summer.—The former beams with the innocence of infancy—the latter glows with the bloom of youth. How applicable are the lovely lines of Thompson (tho' he had

had other thoughts at the time of writing them) I have altered one word in each, but I hope the liberty is pardonable—

“ This the mild lustre of the blooming morn,

“ And that the radiance of the risen day.”

My mother, who has this moment entered the room, desires me to give her love to you, and at the same time bids me say, that an old woman's love (as she styles herself) will do you no harm, tho' possibly you may not feel much benefited by it. But I am certain, I may say, that your opinion differs from her's, and agrees

B

with

with mine, when I say, that the affection of an amiable woman (though not young) must ever be pleasing.

WOMEN are certainly considered as a kind of full-grown children by many of the other sex. What a nothingness do we often find mixed conversation, when the self-conceited scholar condescends to converse with us.

Sometimes, however, we find a man who considers us as endowed with common sense, and perhaps something more (an opinion which the flatterer can never entertain): when such a character presents himself, I declare I
look

look up to him with respectful esteem.

The sun is not ashamed to enlighten

his sister orb with his rays ! indeed I

fear that there is too much reason to

believe that the chief fault rests on our

own side.

—— You say that —— has
made a thousand professions of the ob-
ligations, under which he labours for
your friendship, but that you cannot
allow any obligation between disin-
terested friends. Happy will it be
for us, if we may agree in every
other point as perfectly as in this ! for
I think that people may feel such an

exalted degree of friendship as will reject every idea of the existence of obligation. Indeed I believe the hidden spring which actuates society, is to render each other every possible advantage; and friendship may be defined to be, the serving another without the most remote idea of a return. If any one confers a kindness, and flatters himself that he is bestowing a favor, ostentation intrudes itself into the place of friendship, for the motive is not so much to serve, as to enslave another person; not so much to increase the happiness of one's friend, as to gain the fame of being a person of consequence.

consequence. On the other hand, if he who has received a kindness, has a vast idea of the obligation under which he labours, his mind will be too much vilified to share the generous intercourse of friendship. Whatever I may have said, I hope no one has a stronger sense of gratitude than myself. The zephyr is perfumed by the flower, but let it be noticed, that the zephyr feeds the flower ; thus reciprocal is kindness in the vegetable world.

THE lady to whom you alluded in your last letter, is now past the age of giddiness ; and I hope she will allow

herself to reflect, and provide for the time when she must seek for entertainment from herself, or I know who will be wretched. From your account, the probability of her marrying is but little, and most miserable must be that woman, who has not resources in her own mind! the zest for gaiety must wear away with our youth; and if we do not endeavour to secure some share of information to recommend the autumn of life, it must pass by

“ Like the silly cuckoo in June.

“ Heard—not regarded.”—

CORRECTIONS.

Page Line

- 18, 13, *for* Like the silly Cuckoo, &c. *read* As the Cuckoo is in June
 29, 12, *for* senses, *read* scenes
 40, 15, *for* in, *read* will
 46, 1, *for* listen, *read* hearken

THE lively manner in which you express yourself, my dear madam, concerning the bridal favour, next claims my attention. I cannot agree with you, that I shall soon present my friends with remembrances of the same kind ; but however, I am obliged for the hint, in the fable which you allude to ; tho', as neither the hero of your epistle, nor myself, have the least idea of an attachment, and as I can sing " my heart's my own, my will is free," the adage you allude to does not hold good ; yet, as the advice of a friend, interested in my welfare, claims my grateful thanks, your's, I hope, will
always

always be remembered by me as a rule of conduct certainly productive of happiness; you will pardon me, I hope, if I dedicate one sentence to my own ideas on this subject. I think that, however our vanity may be flattered by the assiduous attentions of a lover, over whom we have gained an ascendancy, it is far more amiable, as well as more proper, for us to make a right use of our power, by a generous, tho' delicate liberality, than to abuse it, by playing with his feelings with ambiguous insinuations and affectation.



How

—— How grateful to the genius of Sterne, could he be sensible of it, (and perhaps he may) would the many allusions to the charming story of his Maria be ! little could he have imagined that his descriptive powers would ever have influenced the feelings of the mechanic to pay a tribute to his memory in the shape of a fan, (your elegant present, my dear madam, strongly evinces it ;) but, alas ! like many other great men, he leaves us to lament that the tenor of his conduct was not such as his superior knowledge of the human heart would lead us to expect.

Let

Let candour throw a shade over his frailties, and record his virtues only in our epitaph.

Poor Maria, herself, will soften the language of reflection with the sweet vespers on her pipe ! the reverend old monk will record his sympathy and relate his generosity before the throne of God ! the same eye which dropt a tear on the sword of the French marquis, and washed away its rust, will weep to blot out the faults, which some recording angel (less tender than poor La Fleur's was) might have registered against him, in the great volume of the lives of all mankind !

kind ! Humanity herself, will seek a thousand palliations for this child of nature and sensibility ; may she procure his pardon before the equal judge of heaven !

To sympathize with the afflicted is humane, to relieve them is glorious, charity is like the fondness of the female heart, then most amiable when it is concealed. The worst study in the world is that of seeking to please by artful conduct. I have observed, that those who have least laboured to interest, have most endeared themselves ; poor Maria pleased Sterne
much

much more as he beheld her the simple child of nature, than she would had her insanity dressed her in fantastic ornaments ; or if, instead of looking with meekness and compassion on her little dog, *she* had intruded the language of ideal greatness on the passenger.

—— WHY should you be so sad on account of the death of a friend? his life, surely, was such as will (we humbly hope) smooth his way to heaven ; be persuaded his spirit has, long since, tasted bliss, “beyond all earthly dignities ;” perhaps too, it may be, at
this

this moment, observing your conduct; I sincerely pray, and believe, it will mark your life with satisfaction, and never turn aside with a blush of confusion for your ill conduct. But you will exclaim, if I go on thus, that I am giving you a solemn lecture. I don't know how it is, but I feel a *je ne-scai quoi* about me, which bids me participate in the emotions of your bosom, as well when they are soothed by melancholy, as when they are inspired by love: however, I am not born for gravity; I must re-assume my usual nonsense, and tell you a laughable circumstance which has occurred

————— How would the world smile at your last letter, and how would reflections on an embalmed heart (in the midst of an anatomical museum) divert a modern heroine of a novel : you desired me to bear with them, which, in truth, I can, without doing any violence to my feelings; and (strange to tell) I can also admire and commend the writer, and enter into all the emotions which his mind felt at the moment of surveying the wonders which surrounded him. I must, however, regret that the ideas which they created, gave so strong a tincture

tincture of melancholy to all his letter. In truth, it may be a want of feeling, but I think I could have contemplated the same subject, and returned in a chearful frame of mind ; I don't know, exactly, what may give rise to that chearfulness, but I never meditated a corpse, but, after the first emotions of grief were subsided, I could collect a thousand reasons why my friend, however happy and prosperous his life had been, was more enviable as I then saw him, cold and insensible, than he was when he possessed all the finer feelings of humanity !

If I wept a second time, it was for myself, not for him.

THE following sentiments were written in consequence of a relation having lost his wife.

* * * * *

I am much concerned to say that my dear — is very far from well : much do I wish he could come to us again ; I should hope to amuse his pensive mind, and relieve his spirits by my attentions towards him. How strange it is that the weakness of human nature should not be able to support itself under a loss which we must
all

all of us one day feel; and where, in the present instance, the sufferings of the patient have been, for many years, great to a degree !

—— SORRY am I to hear, that the roses fade beneath your care; they are but the emblems of our existence; we shall, hereafter, droop like them; and happy, if, like them, we may be insensible of every pang which too often agitates our bosoms, when the last senses of life are unfolding to our view !—But a truce to this subject, and pardon me for mentioning it.

THE following extract is from the last letter she was capable of composing ; it was written but a few days before her death, to a very particular friend, who supplicated her sympathy in the sharpest afflictions.

* * * * *

—— It happened most singularly unfortunate to us both, that, with a mutual wish to meet, we should have missed each other in London ; but I trust in heaven, that a future period will bring us to a meeting less painful than that could have been, tho'

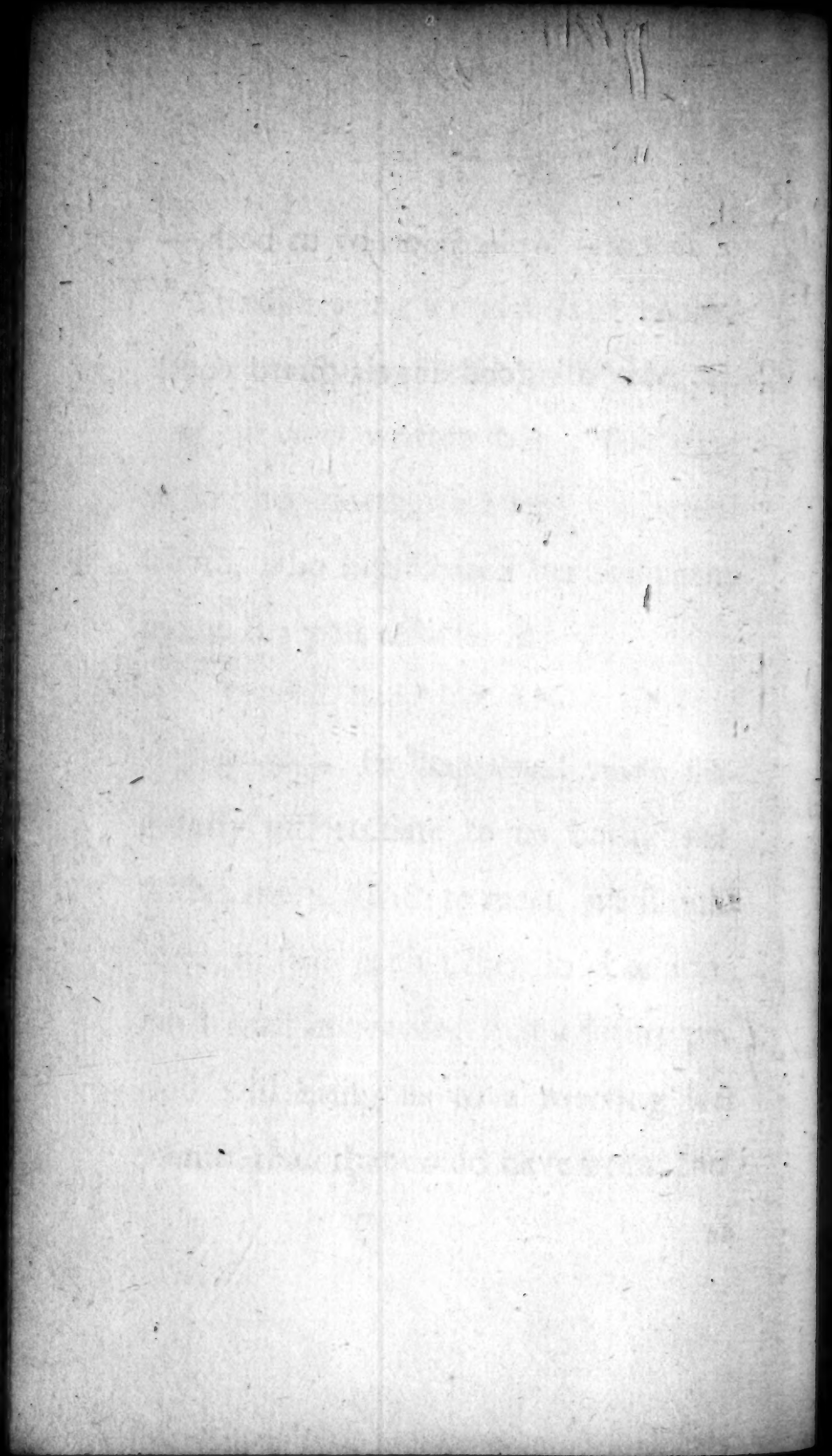
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(31)

so ardently wished for by us both.—

Adieu !

“ May all good angels guard you.”



ADVERTISEMENT.

Mr design was to have given some more compositions than are contained in the sequel of this little volume ; but on re-considering my plan, I judge that it would be further gratifying my melancholy at the expence of the patience of my friends. The two following, as I premised, were the offspring of my moments of agony. The epitaph I have added to testify the value I have for the fond grief, which actuated the feelings of a father, on the death of a daughter whom he dearly loved.

O'ER poor Maria's youthful grave,
The Cypress throws a mournful gloom,
The willow's drooping branches wave,
The wild rose sheds her short-lived bloom.

With sighing murmurs near her flows
Pure Isis stream; while thro' the grove
Sad Philomela chaunts her woes,
Warbling the strains of widow'd love.

The Wood-nymphs all her charms rehearse,
The Graces many a chaplet twine;
The Muses wreath their simple verse,
To deck their own Maria's shrine.

Oft, too, her Lover will repair,
Oft breathe Affection's sorrowing lay,
Oft bathe the sod where sleeps his Fair,
'Till sinking Nature wastes away.

HAIL! Madness, hail! I fly the world's gay round,
 Where life with mirth and vanity is crown'd;
 To thy dread courts, fierce monarch, I repair—
 The child of Grief, of Horror, and Despair!

Behold, thro' yon dark dell, wild spectres glide,
 While shrieks of murder shake the desert wide;
 Mark how with trembling hand poor shipwreck'd Hope
 Vainly attempts to grasp a floating rope,
 While all is chaos—waters, winds, and skies,
 And, in the next mad surge the sufferer dies!
 Now I discern, sad pictured in my eye,
 The pallid form of wretched Misery,
 Viewing the midnight-surf with hollow roar,
 Dash the torn carcase on the rocky shore!
 There fierce convulsions shake the parting breath!
 Here Fate let's drop his hand, benumb'd with death!
 View Murder too, by Shame and Hell beguiled,
 Tearing the members of her new-born child.
 Lo! Envy wounds Contentment's peaceful breast,
 And Defamation lowers the victor's crest.

Hold,

Hold, merciless Revenge! with trembling fright,
 I mark the horror of thy dastard spright,
 Mixing fell poison in the social bowl,
 While Fury rages with her frantic howl!
 At last Confusion o'er thy couch is spread,
 And restless Sleep weighs down my throbbing head.

Hence, horrid Pow'r! I shun thy dread abode,
 And breathe my mattins to Creation's God!
 Oh! may his tender mercy, ever kind,
 Restore my peace, and heal my bleeding mind.
 May Reason still her sovereign rule maintain,
 And Resignation guide my mournful strain:
 Despair disgraces e'en the savage race,
 Which never feels Salvation's healing grace;
 Which knows no Saviour's expiating blood
 For man's salvation pour'd an holy flood;
 E'en brutes attend to Nature's awful scrole,
 And learn Despair and Horror to controul:
 Much more for thee, my soul, the holy page
 Breathes consolation to subdue thy rage;
 For thy salvation the eternal Son,
 The Mighty God, in human meekness shone;

Endured the insults haughty Israel plann'd,
 And sav'd from punishment a rebel land.
 For thee, my soul, he died, bear then thy ills,
 Submission's thine—'tis God himself that wills!

Go to the corse of thy departed maid,
 Ere in the grave her beauteous frame be laid;
 Pour thy afflictions o'er her sable bier,
 View her wan cheek, and drop the tender tear;
 Breathe o'er her clay, affection's saddest sigh,
 And learn from her, how sweet it is to die.

What anxious fears my drooping heart assail,
 Ere yet my trembling hand removes the veil
 From that blest form, which late with beauty shone,
 Which Elegance and Love proclaim'd their own;
 Left murky Death has changed that lovely face,
 Illum'd so late with blooming health and grace;
 And black Putrescence, with his hideous frown,
 O'er her bright charms a livid hue has thrown;
 Yet I resolve—nor longer lingering stay,
 But snatch the veil, and view th' untimely prey.

Is she then gone? is her chaste beauty fled?
 Do I behold my dear Maria dead?
 Her much-loved features, yet her form I view,
 All but their glow their animating hue.
 Yet she is gone! I mark sad destiny,
 (Unnat'ral to repose) half-ope her eye,
 Where, yet a lustre shines as when it beamed
 With pure religion, or for misery stream'd :

Mankind oft picture death with savage brow,
 With horror shudd'ring, or o'erwhelm'd with woe;
 And with a faltering voice they oft describe
 The various fates which on his frown reside.
 Such are the features of the guilty corse,
 When life departs 'midst horror and remorse;
 But see she smiles in death, the path she trod
 Was that of virtue, in the fear of God.

As some diurnal flower, on whose weak head
 The radiance of the morning sun is shed,
 Soon sinks amidst the fury of a storm,
 And the rough wind destroys its tender form :

So my fair maid, in early beauty shone,
 So sweetly bloom'd beneath the soft'ring sun.
 But ah! how soon (ere life's meridian ray)
 The blast of death her blushing charms decay;
 Like this poor flower, I mark her beauties fade,
 Her sweetness perish in the dreary shade!

The animating hue which late inspired
 Those livid cheeks, and love's fond bosom fired;
 Those lips which late like blushing coral glow'd,
 Whence harmony, and sweetest music flow'd,
 Will charm no more; there awful silence reigns,
 And hush'd for ever are her tender strains;
 No more that voice will breathe in mingling sighs
 Cordelia's grief, or Constance's miseries;
 No more in soft Italia's numbers flow
 With rapt'rous harmony, or soothing woe:
 No more will Gallia's phrase its beauties lend
 With Britain's bolder eloquence to blend.

The pevil'd eye-brow, the complexion's hue,
 O'er which the lily her pale lustre threw;

While

While the soft radiance of the blooming rose
Thro' that thin mantle did its blush disclose ;
The dark-brown ringlets, which with simple grace,
Shaded her forehead, and adorn'd her face.
With all the symetry which beauty cast
O'er her chaste bosom, o'er her slender waist,
Cold and insensible in death must lie,
'Till God renews them in th' eternal sky.

Ah, pallid sickness ! thy relentless hand,
O'er all creation shakes thy mortal wand ;
More fierce art thou than the stern fiend of war,
Who spreads the cannons mangled death afar ;
Who bore aloft, of old, the bird of Rome,
And hurled vast armies to an early doom ;
He ne'er could see a peaceful maiden laid
Pale and insensible in death's dark shade ;
He ne'er could cause paternal grief to flow,
And fill a mother's breast with bursting woe ;
Or bid Affection pour his bitter tear
O'er all his agitated soul held dear ;
War only marks those men who fate defy,
Who thirst for fame, who madly dare to die.

Long did the havock of thy ruthless tooth
 Pray on her beauty, wither all her youth;
 Yet scarce suspected, 'till thy tyrant rage—
 No lenient arts, no med'cine could assuage;
 Tho' friendship aided science, yet no power
 Could soothe the anguish of thy bitter hour,
 'Till *that* which bids all human suff'rings cease,
 Her spirit summon'd to eternal peace.

The sweetest sorrow which the soul can know,
 The balm which softens mad despair to woe,
 The pleasing grief which swells affliction's sigh,
 The power which e'en forbids the dead to die,
 Kind memory! are thine: I yet can view
 Events by thy fond aid for ever new;
 Traits which adorn my blest Maria's days,
 And o'er her tomb reflect immortal praise;
 Inspired by thee, meek memory, may my verse
 Some of the virtues of her mind rehearse,
 Say in her soul how charity would dwell,
 How tears of pity her soft eye would swell;

As when the sunbeams on the mountains glow'd,
And ting'd the stream which thro' the valley flow'd ;
While eve approaching, breathed her cooler breeze
O'er fragrant plains, and fann'd the wavy trees ;
She wandered near the woodbines scented bower,
And marked the beauty of each opening flow'r ;
Each flow'r the semblance of the lovely maid,
For each bloom'd health, in innocence array'd :
Then with the eye of fondness have I seen
An infant group desporting o'er the green,
With looks expressive ask a blushing rose,
A pleasing solace to their fancied woes ;
For 'till some friendly hand their wants relieve,
How small foe'er those wants, they anxious grieve,
Soon would her gifts their short-lived cares remove,
Oft would she bid them live in mutual love,
Be good and grateful—always have a care
To speak the truth, nor ever idly swear ;
Obey their parents—on each sabbath day
To church repair, and with devotion pray.
While thus she kindly taught th' obedient band,
They stood observant of her wise command ;

Oft have I seen her, when hard poverty
 Their tender limbs exposed, their wants supply,
 Her own industrious hands their vests would form
 To screen weak childhood from the raging storm ;
 She loved to heal their ills, their virtues raise,
 And kindly listen to their infant lays ;
 Their grateful thanks would swift-wing'd angels bear
 To heaven's high courts, and now await her there :
 The falling tears which bathe thy modest cheek,
 For those poor orphan babes in sorrow speak
 Thy grief, Simplicity ! thy form I see
 Weeping thy loss, deprest Humility !
 Mingle your tears, unhappy pow'rs, with mine,
 Wreathe the sad cypress round Maria's shrine :
 For ye, unhappy innocents, my eye
 Sheds the warm tear, my bosom breathes the sigh.
 But you have consolation, cease to grieve,
 For in the mother, will the daughter live.

Ye nymphs, who dwell within yon shady grove,
 Who bloom with nature's sweets, who glow with love ;
 Who mark the beauties of the landscape's hues,
 While o'er your tresses evening sheds her dews ;

Who still the trembling of the tim'rous deer ;
 Who guard the hare, and calm the lambkin's fear ;
 Who feed the ring-dove, and her callow young,
 If o'er her mate the snares of death are flung ;
 Say how her voice with pity's wailings flow'd,
 Oh ! how her bosom felt compassions load
 Whene'er she saw a moss-wove nursery torn

From the thick bosom of the pointed thorn,
 Or heard, complaining for her hapless mate,
 Poor Philomela to the moon relate
 Her tale of woe—how (an ill-fated prey)
 The rav'nous falcon snatch'd her mate away ;
 Or how the pois'nous adder's bloody fangs
 Had writhed her young in death's distorting pangs.

" Poor bird of woe," would the meek maiden cry,
 " Thy tale demands the pity of a sigh.
 " No more will evening hear thy strains of love,
 " No more will thy soft warblings fill the grove ;
 " No more will silence listen to thy song,
 " Nor zephyrs waft thy plaintive notes along ;
 " No more will nymphs in magic wonder stand,
 " And view the beauties of th' enchanted land ;

" No

" No more will virgins listen to thy strains,
 " And mark thy wild notes to their list'ning swains ;
 " No more thy mate will bless thy happy days,
 " And hang with rapture on thy cheering lays : "
 Then would her eye with truant tears o'erflow,
 Then would she sigh for Philomela's woe !

Ah, happy bird, thy woes have found relief,
 And kind oblivion soon allay'd thy grief :
 But mournful recollection, and a train
 Of direst ills will long awake *my* pain.
 Long shall *I* weep *my* fond companion dead,
 Long shall I bathe the sod where rests her head.
 Yet still with chastest hopes my soul is blest,
 Hopes which, alas ! can never cheer *thy* breast ;
 That as eternal life to man is giv'n,
 I may be known to my pure love in heav'n !

More tender scenes, more interesting care,
 Recording memory tells of my lost fair,
 How her kind welcome charm'd the peasant's ear,
 Her charity the poor sick soul would cheer :

How friendship's power her virtuous bosom warm'd,
And her chaste heart the sweets of kindness charm'd;
When she could meet a generous kindred mind,
Where her own elegance and worth were shrin'd,
Then would the feelings of her soul adorn
The rose, which bloom'd without an hidden thorn.

Ah! there I see a grief-dejected band
Of fond fraternity in anguish stand
Around her pallid corse, and bathe her bier
With the sad tribute of a farewell tear;
While each relates how tenderly she strove
To gain their friendship, and deserve their love:
How her affection every art would try,
T' awake a smile, or check a rising sigh;
As they lament their loss, their looks confess
A keener misery, a more deep distress.

The heart-felt sorrow which o'erwhelms thy breast,
And robs thee of the peaceful balm of rest,
The streaming tears which bathe thy pallid cheek,
And in the moving plaints of sorrow speak;
The

The bitter grief which wrings thy tender heart
 To find thou must from thy dear sister part.
 What words can paint ? yet let religion's page,
 Hapless Eliza, misery's power assuage ;
 For you are wise, as good ! your grief restrain,
 Nor yield to fell despair's unhallow'd reign.
 Reflect that *you* should soothe a father's grief,
 'Tis *you* must give a mother's soul relief ;
 Soften the anguish which their loss imparts,
 And breathe *some* solace to their bursting hearts.

Doomed for the scourge of misery and pain,
 What hopes can soothe—what comforts now remain.
 Afflicted parents ! thro' that cold cold breast,
 What fondness glow'd, what duty shone confess.
 Oh how affection and fond duty smiled,
 Thro' the pure bosom of your faithful child ;
 All that obedience could devise, she wrought,
 And her example every virtue taught !
 How great the duty to those friends we owe,
 Who caus'd existence thro' our frames to flow ;
 Whose tender care, whose ever anxious eye,
 Guided our youth, and fickle infancy ;

Whole fondest love our docile bosoms fired,
 Whose thirst for science, all our thoughts inspired ;
 Who breathed religion thro' our opening soul,
 And bade us anger and caprice controul :
 For such high blessings, (nor can I relate
 What thousands more smil'd on her happy state)
 What fond affection fill'd her duteous mind,
 How love and piety their wreathes entwined ;
 What pure emotions o'er each virtue shone,
 Charms which, alas ! are now for ever flown !
 'Till that Almighty God, who rules on high,
 Restores your child amid the eternal sky.

Hail, thou effusion of th' all-glorious King,
 Thou shadow of the holy angels wing ;
 Sacred Religion, hail ! thy pious love
 Wears the bright semblance of the silver dove,
 Whose snowy plumes refulgent rays infold,
 Whose wings are deck'd with tints of burnish'd gold ;
 Oh, meekest, faint-eyed attribute awhile
 Dwell with my soul in this sequester'd ile ;
 Hear me, oh ! hear me, as I weep alone,
 Oh ! waft my prayers to heaven's high-seated throne ;

Where, when stern death weigh'd down her drooping head,
 Her spirit, born by guardian angels, fled,
 To thee, Religion ! I the task resign,
 To say how oft she knelt at thy pure shrine,
 To trace the secret pray'r, the praise that flow'd
 From her chaste breast which with devotion glow'd,
 While her pure anthem pierc'd the lofty sky,
 And sweetly hail'd the holy Pow'r on high.

Ere the meek maid in peaceful sleep was laid,
 While watchful angels hover'd o'er her head,
 Her soul to Heav'n its suppliant pray'r would pour,
 To gain protection thro' the midnight hour ;
 So when the morning bade her slumbers cease,
 She breathed her mattins to the God of Peace,
 Thanksgiving warm'd her soul, her mind possess'd,
 For the kind blessing of refreshing rest ;
 Each eve and morn she true obedience vow'd,
 And meekly kneeling at God's altar, bow'd ;
 For these high traits which mark religious love,
 Affection views her in the realms above.

Oh, thou eternal God, at whose command
 All nature stript of vile disguise must stand ;
 At whose decree the guilty soul must shake,
 And piety with hopes of heav'n awake ;
 Grant that repentance may her solace pour,
 To soothe the anguish of affliction's hour !
 That peace and mercy o'er my days may smile,
 And pleading charity be heard the while ;
 That sympathy and friendship to mankind,
 Next to thy worship, may inspire my mind ;
 That I, resign'd, thy just decrees may bear,
 Nor ever to my gracious judge appear,
 The thankless child of horror and despair ;
 Grant that at last, when thy all-powerful will
 Bids the swift current of my life be still ;
 That I may peaceful hear the voice of death,
 And with this hope resign my flitting breath ;
 This cheering hope, that o'er my trembling head
 The veil of mercy may be kindly spread,
 To screen me from stern justice' equal eye,
 'Till my Redeemer gains from God on high,
 A pardon for my sins ; that I may taste
 Immortal bliss, and joys which ne'er will waste,

1841

STATE OF NEW YORK
IN SENATE

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